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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Sir Richard Whittington,

WHO WAS

THREE TIMES

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

And the Surprising History of his

CAT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE CALEDONIAN, A POEM.

BANBURY:

Printed and Sold by J. Cheney, in the High-Street.

THE

HISTORY

OF

WHITTINGTON.

DICK WHITTINGTON was a very little boy when his father and mother died; little indeed, that he never knew them, nor the place where he was born.—He ſtrolled about the country as ragged as a colt, till he met with a waggoner who was going to London, and who gave him leave to walk all the way by the ſide of his waggon, without paying any thing for his paſſage; which pleaſed little Whittington very much, as he wanted to ſee London ſadly; for he had heard that the ſtreets were paved with gold; and he was willing to get a buſhel of it: but how great was his diſappointment, poor boy! when he ſaw the ſtreets covered with

dirt, inſtead of gold, and found himſelf in a ſtrange place, without a friend, without food, and without money.

Though the waggoner was ſo charitable as to let him walk up by the ſide of the waggon for nothing, he took care not to know him when he came to town, and the poor boy was, in a little time, ſo cold and ſo hungry, that he wiſhed himſelf in a good kitchen, and by a warm fire, in the country.

In this diſtreſs he aſked charity of ſeveral people, and one of them bid him "Go to work for an idle rogue." "That I will," ſays Whittington, "with all my heart; I will work for you, if you will let me."

The man who thought this favoured of wit and impertinence, (tho' the poor lad intended only to ſhew his readineſs to work) gave him a blow with a ſtick, which broke his head ſo that the blood ran down. In this ſituation and fainting for want of food, he laid himſelf down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a Merchant, where the cook ſaw him, and being an ill-natur'd huſſy, ordered him to go about his buſi-

neſs or ſhe would ſcald him. At this time, Mr. Fitzwarren came from the Exchange, and began alſo to ſcold at the poor boy, bidding him to go to work.

Whittington anſwered, That he ſhould be glad to work, if any body would employ him, and that he ſhould be able if he could get ſome victuals to eat; for he had had nothing for three days, and he was a poor country boy, and knew nobody and nobody would employ him.

He then endeavoured to get up, but he was ſo very weak that he fell down again, which excited ſo much compaſſion in the Merchant, that he ordered the ſervants to take him in, and give him ſome meat and drink and let him help the cook to do any dirty work that ſhe had to ſet him about. People are too apt to reproach thoſe who beg, with being idle, but give themſelves no concern to put them in the way of getting buſineſs to do, or conſidering whether they are able to do it; which is not charity.

———"Think of this ye affluent.
"And when the overplus of your fortunes diſturb
"Your minds, think how little ſtops the laſh of penury,
"And makes the wretched happy!"

I remember a circumſtance of this ſort, which Sir William Thompſon told my father with tears in his eyes, and it is ſo affecting, that I ſhall never forget it.

STORY
OF
SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON.

"When Sir William was in the plantation abroad, one of his friends told him, he had an indentured ſervant, whom he had juſt bought, that was his countryman and a luſty man; but he is ſo idle, ſays he, that I cannot get him to work 'Aye,' ſays Sir William, 'let me ſee him' Accordingly they walked out together, and found the man ſitting on a heap of ſtones. Upon this, Sir William, after enquiring about his country, aſked why he did not go out to work? I am not able, anſwered the man.—Not able? ſays Sir William, I am ſure you look very well: give him a few ſtripes. Upon this the Planter ſtruck him ſeveral times, but the poor man ſtill kept his ſeat.

They then left him to look over the plantation, exclaiming againſt his obſtinacy all the way they went;—but how ſurpriſed were they, on their return, to find the poor man fallen from off the place where he had been ſitting, and DEAD! The cruelty, ſays Sir William, of my ordering the poor man to be beaten while in the agonies of death, lies always next my heart. It is what I ſhall never forget, and will for ever prevent my judging raſhly of people who appear in diſtreſs. How do we know what our own children may come to? The Lord have mercy upon the poor and defend them from the proud, the inconſiderate, and the avaricious."

But we return to Whittington: who would have lived happy in this worthy family, had he not been bumped about by the croſs cook who muſt be always roaſting or baſting, and when the ſpit was ſtill, employed her hands upon poor Whittington! 'till Miſs Alice, his maſter's daughter, was informed of it, and then ſhe took compaſſion on the poor boy, and made the ſervants treat him kindly.

Beſides the croſſneſs of the cook, Whittington had another difficulty to get over before he could be happy. He had, by order of his maſter, a flock bed placed for him in a garret, where there were ſuch a number of rats and mice, that often ran over the poor boy's noſe, and diſturbed him in his ſleep. After ſome time, however, a gentleman who came to his maſter's houſe, gave Whittington a penny for bruſhing his ſhoes. This he put into his pocket, being determined to lay it out to the beſt advantage; and the next day ſeeing a woman in the ſtreet with a Cat under her arm, he ran up to know the price of it. The woman, (as the cat was a good mouſer,) aſked a deal of money for it; but on Whittington's telling her he had but a penny in the world, and that he wanted a cat ſadly—ſhe let him have it.

This cat, Whittington concealed in the garret, for fear ſhe ſhould be beat about by his mortal enemy the cook,—and here ſhe ſoon killed or frightened away the rats and mice, ſo that the poor boy could now ſleep as ſound as a top.

Soon after this, the Merchant, who had a ſhip ready to ſail, called for his ſervants, as his cuſtom was, in order that each of them might venture ſomething to try their luck; and whatever they ſent was to pay neither freight nor cuſtom; for he thought juſtly that God Almighty would bleſs him the more, for his readineſs to let the poor partake of his fortune.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, who will return it ſeventy fold."

All the ſervants appeared but poor Whittington, who having neither money nor goods, could not think of ſending any thing to try his luck; but his good friend Miſs Alice, thinking his poverty kept him away, ordered him to be called.

She then offered to lay down ſomething for him, but the Merchant told his daughter, that would not do, it muſt be ſomething of his own. Upon which, poor Whittington ſaid, he had nothing but a cat, which he bought for a penny that was given him. "Fetch thy cat, boy," ſays the Merchant, "and ſend her."

Whittington brought poor puſs and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes, for he ſaid, He ſhould now be diſturbed by the rats and mice as much as ever. All the company laughed at the adventure but Miſs Alice, who pitied the poor boy and gave him ſomething to buy another cat.

While puſs was beating the billows at ſea, poor Whittington was ſeverely beaten at home by his tyrannical miſtreſs, the cook, who uſed him ſo cruelly and made ſuch game of him for ſending his cat to ſea, that at laſt, the poor boy determined

o run away from his place, and having acked up the few things he had, he ſet out very early in the morning on Allhallows Day. He travelled as far as Holloway, and there ſat down upon a ſtone to conſider what courſe he ſhould take; but while he was thus ruminating, Bow Bells, of which there were only ſix, began to ring; and he thought their ſounds addreſſed him in this manner;

"*Turn again Whittington,*
"*Lord Mayor of great London.*"

"Lord Mayor of London," ſaid he, to himſelf, "what would not one endure to "be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in "ſuch a fine coach! Well, I'll go back "again, and bear all the pummilling and "ill-uſage of Cicely; rather than miſs the "opportunity of being LORD MAYOR!"— So home he went, and happily got into the houſe and about his buſineſs before Mrs. Cicely made her appearance.

We muſt now follow Miſs Puſs to the coaſt of Africa, to that coaſt where Dido expired for loſs of Ænus.—How perilous are voyages at ſea, how uncertain the

winds and the waves, and how many accidents attend a naval life!

The ſhip, which had the cat on board, was long beaten at ſea, and at laſt, by contrary winds driven on a part of the coaſt of Barbary, which was inhabited by Moors unknown to the Engliſh. Theſe people received our countrymen with civility, and therefore the captain, in order to trade with them, ſhewed them the patterns of the goods he had on board, and ſent ſome of them to the king of the country, who was ſo well pleaſed, that he ſent for the captain and the factor to his palace, which was about a mile from the ſea. Here they were placed, according to the cuſtom of the country, on rich carpets, flowered with gold and ſilver: and the king and queen being ſeated at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, which conſiſted of many diſhes; but no ſooner were the diſhes put down but an amazing number of rats and mice came from all quarters, and devoured all the meat in an inſtant. The factor in ſurpriſe, turned round to the nobles and aſked, "If theſe "vermin were not offenſive?"—"O yes."

ſaid they, "very offenſive, and the king "would give half his treaſure to be freed "of them; for they not only deſtroy his "dinner, as you ſee, but they aſſault him "in his chamber and even in bed, ſo that "he is obliged to be watched while he is "ſleeping for fear of them"

The factor jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the king he had a creature on board the ſhip, that would diſpatch all theſe vermin immediately. The king's heart heaved ſo high at the joy which this news gave him, that his turban dropped off his head; "Bring this creature to me," ſays he, "vermin are dreadful in a court, and "if ſhe will perform what you ſay, I will "load your ſhip with gold and jewels in "exchange for her." The factor who knew his buſineſs, took this opportunity to ſet forth the merits of Mrs. Puſs. He told his Majeſty, "That it would be in-"convenient to part with her, as when "ſhe was gone, the rats and mice might "deſtroy the goods in the ſhip—but to "oblige his majeſty he would fetch her." "Run, run," ſaid the queen, "I am im-"patient to ſee the dear creature."

Away flew the factor, while another dinner was providing, and returned with the cat: juſt as the rats and mice were devouring that alſo He immediately put down Mrs. Puſs, who killed a great number of them.

The king rejoiced greatly to ſee his old enemies deſtroyed by ſo ſmall a creature, and the queen was highly pleaſed, and deſired the cat might be brought near, that

he might look at her. Upon which the factor called "Puffy, puffy, puffy," and she came to him. He then presented her to the queen who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who had made such a havock among the rats and mice; however, when the factor stroked the cat and called, "Puffy, puffy," the queen also touched her and cried, "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English.

He then put her down on the queen's lap, where she purring played with her majesty's hand, and then sung herself to sleep.

The king having seen the exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed that she was with young, and would stock the whole country bargained with the captain and factor for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave them ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to. With which, taking leave of their majesty's, and other great personages at court, they sailed with a fair wind for England, whither we must now attend them.

The morn had ſcarcely dawned, when Mr. Fitzwarren ſtole from the bed of his beloved wife, to count over the caſh, and ſettle the buſineſs for that day. He had juſt entered the compting-houſe and ſeated himſelf at the deſk when ſomebody came, tap, tap, at the door. "Who's "there?" ſays Mr. Fitzwarren. — "A "friend," anſwered the other, "What "friend can come at this unſeaſonable "time?"— "A real friend is never un-"ſeaſonable," anſwered the other, "I "come to bring you good news of your "ſhip Unicorn" The Merchant buſtled up in ſuch an hurry that he forgot his gout; inſtantly opened the door, and who ſhould be ſeen waiting but the captain and factor, with a cabinet of jewels, and a bill of lading; for which the Merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for ſending him ſuch a proſperous voyage. Then they told him the adventures of the cat, and ſhewed him the cabinet of jewels which they had brought for Mr. Whittington Upon which he cried out with great earneſtneſs, but not in the moſt poetial manner.

"Go ſend him in, and tell him of his fame,
"And call him Mr. Whittington by name."

It is not our buſineſs to animadvert upon theſe lines; we are not critics, but hiſtorians. It is ſufficient for us, that they are the words of Mr Fitzwarren, and though it is beſide our purpoſe, and perhaps not in our power to prove him a good poet, we ſhall ſoon convince the reader that he was a good man, which was a much better character; for when ſome, who were preſent, told him that this treaſure was too much for ſuch a poor boy as Whittington, he ſaid, "God forbid that I ſhould deprive him of "a penny, it is his own, and he ſhall have "it to a farthing." He then ordered Mr. Whittington in, who was at this time cleaning the kitchen, and would have excuſed himſelf from going into the compting-houſe ſaying, the room was rubbed, and his ſhoes were dirty and full of hob nails. The Merchant, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be ſet for him. Upon which, thinking they intended to make ſport of him, as had been too often the caſe in the kitchen, he beſought his maſter not to mock a poor ſimple fellow, who intend-

ed them no harm, but let him go about his buſineſs. The Merchant, taking him by the hand, ſaid, "Indeed, Mr. Whittington, "I am in earneſt with you, and ſent for "you to congratulate you on your great "ſucceſs. Your cat has procured you more "money than I am worth in the world, and "may you long enjoy it and be happy."

At length being ſhewn the treaſure, and convinced by them that all of it belonged to him, he fell upon his knees and thanked the ALMIGHTY for his providential care of ſuch a poor and miſerable creature. He then laid all the treaſure at his maſter's feet, who refuſed to take any part of it, but told him he heartily rejoiced at his proſperity, and hoped the wealth he had acquired would be a comfort to him and would make him happy. He then applied to his miſtreſs, and to his good friend Miſs Alice, who refuſed to take any part of the money, but told him ſhe heartily rejoiced at his good ſucceſs, and wiſhed him all imaginable felicity. He then gratified the captain, factor, and the ſhip's crew, for the care they had taken of his cargo; he likewiſe diſtributed preſents to all the ſervants in

the houſe, not forgetting even his old enemy the cook, though ſhe little deſerved it.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren adviſed Mr. Whittington to ſend for the neceſſary people and dreſs himſelf like a gentleman, and made him the offer of his houſe to live in, till he could provide himſelf with a better. Now it came to paſs, that when Mr. Whittington's face was waſhed, his hair curled, and dreſſed in a rich ſuit of clothes, that he turned out a genteel young fellow; and as wealth contributes much to give a man confidence, he, in a little time dropped that ſheepiſh behaviour which was principally occaſioned by a depreſſion of ſpirits, and ſoon grew a ſprightly and good companion, inſomuch that Miſs Alice, who had formerly ſeen him with an eye of compaſſion, now viewed him with other eyes; which perhaps was in ſome meaſure occaſioned by his readineſs to oblige her, and by continually making her preſents of ſuch things that he thought would be moſt agreeable.

When her father perceived they had this good liking for each other, he propoſed a

match between them. to which, both parties cheerfully consented, and the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, Sheriffs, the Company of Stationers, and a number of eminent Merchants attended the ceremony, and were elegantly treated at an entertainment made for that purpose.

History further relates, that they lived very happy, had several children, and died at a good old age. Mr Whittington served Sheriff of London in the year 1340, and was three times Lord Mayor.—In the last year of his Mayorality, he entertained King

Henry V. and his Queen after his conqueſt of France. Upon which occaſion, the King in conſideration of Whittington's merit ſaid "Never had Prince ſuch a ſubject:" which, being told to Whittington at the table, he replied, "Never had ſubject ſuch a King." His Majeſty out of reſpect to his good character, conferred the honor of knightwood on him, ſoon after.

Sir Richard, many years before his death, conſtantly fed a great number of poor citizens, built a Church, and a College to it, with an yearly allowance for poor ſcholars; and near it erected an Hoſpital.—He alſo, built Newgate for criminals, and gave liberally to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital and other public Charities.

THE

CALEDONIAN.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wandered gurling down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient Shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gentle rocking, on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride;
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore:
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaing hairs were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, strayed a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock;
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove with many a trick to ease his care;
While o'er his furrow'd cheeks the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed and thus began.—

Farewel! farewel! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough tho' thou be, yet still my native land;
Exil'd from thee I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country to behold no more.

By hard oppreſſion driv'n, my helpleſs age
That ſhould e're now have left life's buſtling ſtage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boiſterous breaſt to brave,
In a far diſtant land to ſeek a grave.
Thou near companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down my virtuous wife;
Twas here you rear'd with fond maternal pride,
Five comely ſons;—three for their country dy'd;
Two yet remain, ſad remant of the wars,
Without one mark of honor—but their ſcars;
Contented ſtill we rear'd with ſturdy hands,
The ſcanty produce of our niggard lands.
Scant as it was, no more our hearts deſir'd,
No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.

But, ah! ſad change! thoſe bleſſed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and ſafety charm no more;
Another lord now rules theſe wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains;
Far, far, from hence, he revels life away
In guilty pleaſure, our poor means muſt pay.
The moſſy plains, the mountains barren brow,
Muſt now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
And ſpite of nature, crops be taught to riſe,
Which to theſe northern climes, wiſe heaven denies.

On yon, dear native land, from whence I part,
Reſts the beſt bleſſing of a broken heart.
If in ſome future hour the foe ſhall land
His hoſtile legions on Britannia's ſtrand,
May ſhe not then th' alarm found in vain,
Nor miſs her baniſh'd thouſands on the plain.

Feed on my ſheep, for tho' depriv'd me,
My cruel foes ſhall your protectors be,

For their own ſakes ſhall pen your ſtraggling flocks,
And ſave your lambkins from the rav'nous fox.

Feed on my goats,—another now ſhall drain
Your ſtreams, that heal diſeaſe and ſoften pain;
No ſtreams, alaſs! ſhall ever, ever flow
To heal thy maſter's heart, or ſoothe his woe.

But, hark! my ſons loud call me from the vale,
And lo! the veſſel ſpreads her ſwelling ſail.——
"*Farewel! Farewel!*"—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And, o'er his crook, in ſilent ſorrow hung:
Then, caſting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the ſteep mountain's brow began to wind.

10 JU 52

FINIS.

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